THE
SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS

IN MEMORIAM

MARION SCOTT

JUNE 25 AND 26 1954

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THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS

FOUNDED 15TH JULY, 1911

BY

MARION SCOTT

AND GERTRUDE EATON

The following pages record the tributes paid to the memory of

MARION MARGARET SCOTT, F.R.C.M.

by some friends on the occasion of a special Composers' Conference arranged by the Society in honour of its Founder

FRIDAY, 25th JUNE and SATURDAY, 26th JUNE, 1954.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 25th

A MEETING IN COMMEMORATION OF MARION SCOTT

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THE FRIENDS' TRIBUTES

1. MARION SCOTT AS FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS

BY

KATHARINE EGGAR

AS this memorial event has been organised by the Society of Women Musicians, it is suitable that the first tribute to Marion Scott should be concerned with the founding of the Society; and as Marion invited me to take the Chair for the Inaugural Meeting at which the S.W.M. came into being, it is appropriate that I should be the friend chosen to say something about this remarkable scheme.

It is difficult for the young woman musician of to-day to realize what imagination, courage and enterprise were needed to carry out such a plan in 1911—a date when facetiousness about "the ladies" had to be endured, and when nice men hardly liked to hear their relations refer to themselves and their friends as *Women*.

We were then in the thick of the Women's Suffrage battle, and anything determinedly feminine was suspect. Even the humorous, Fanny Davies—later on to be our President—pulled a face and said, "why should I call myself a Woman-Musician? I'd rather be a Man-Musician". So Marion had to bear the brunt. She was never herself antagonistic to men. She always expected and received their support, and had a completely natural attitude. Her own string quartet was a "mixed foursome", and no one had more devoted men friends. She insisted from the beginning that the S.W.M. should be open to men. Thomas Dunhill was our first Associate—we called him our "eldest brother," and a staunch supporter he always was; while other early "brothers" were Walter Wilson Cobbett—such a faithful friend and generous benefactor—and Mewburn Levien.

She took a long view of the Society's rôle in musical life, and never wavered in her belief in its necessity. With the help of her lawyer Father—our valued Hon. Solicitor until his death—we started with a dignified Constitution and masterly Rules; and I remember expressing hesitation at her provision of a full-sized

Minute Book, Account Book and Ledger, which was met by a confident twinkle.

Then it is hard for to-day's professional to realize what the status of women in the musical profession used to be.

Voices being what they are, Women have always had to be as important as Men when it comes to singing ; but on the whole, the public of 1911 thought of women as Operatic Prima donnas, Piano teachers of children, and Writers of sentimental songs. In actual fact, their range was very limited. Very few women were playing the cello ; fewer still the viola ; and hardly any a wind instrument. It is true that Mr. Liddell, of Newbury, and his enthusiastic ally, Miss Marian Arkwright (a Bachelor of Music) had formed the English Ladies' Orchestral Society (widely known in Berks., Bucks. and Oxon. as "E.L.O.S."), in which one intreprid girl blew the horn, and Miss Arkwright herself coped with the double-bass, tympani, and several other masculine instruments as need arose.

Of course, no woman was admitted into any professional orchestra. There were no women conductors. No one ever dreamed of a woman critic : no one had ever heard of a woman musicologist.

And then the woman composer. There she was, without a past, with a hesitating present, and no future.

It was the *loneliness* of the woman who wanted to compose—her lack of contact with other composers, of any opportunity to discuss and exchange experiences—that was what touched Marion in her post-student life, and made her feel that something could be done, and which led to her instituting the two-day "Composers' Conference" on which our present Memorial Event is modelled.

In this determination to do something for her fellow-women musicians, Marion was ahead of her contemporaries. The attitude of women musicians to each other was on the whole selfish, and few had the public spirit of Marion's friend and co-adjutor in founding the S.W.M.—Gertrude Eaton—whose philanthropic work in Prison Reform was later to be important Musicians were not as awakened as women in other professions, and badly needed a jolt in their egotistical outlook. That Marion was able to provide this was due to her combining in herself the ladylikeness of a Liza Lehmann and the fighting nerve of an Ethel Smyth. Both these distinguished women musicians, now mythical figures, were won by Marion to her cause. The gracious Liza Lehmann became our

first President: the militant Ethel Smyth consented to let her string quartet be played at our first concert. This took place in 1912 at the small Queen's Hall, a curious little eyrie for music, reached by a precipitous staircase; and I remember that amusing critic, Gilbert Webb, writing that Mme. Lehmann had invited the Press to attend the concert of her new Ladies' Society at the Queen's Small Hall—"All those stairs to climb? Never mind: we shall know that Beauty awaits us at the top!"

This is not a history of the S.W.M., but a tribute to its Founder, and in conclusion I would wish to testify as a colleague associated with her all through the years to what Marion Scott's influence in the Society was.

First there was the remarkable clarity and wisdom of her judgment, which was simply invaluable to the Council.

Secondly, her loyalty as colleague and friend.

Thirdly, the example of her perfect integrity.

Fourthly, her fine manners.

In short—we may think of her as our tuning-fork, and test our pitch by hers.

2. MARION SCOTT AS FELLOW STUDENT AND FRIEND

BY

HESTER STANSFELD PRIOR.

MRS. PRIOR spoke briefly from her long recollection of a close friendship, dating from pre-student days, when she and Marion entered the world of orchestral music at the Crystal Palace. There, by means of August Manns' inspiring concerts—given daily throughout the year, with 26 Saturday concerts with augmented orchestra—the two juveniles became familiar with the great classical symphonies. When they first met some years later, they formed the enduring habit of exchanging views on works and performances. Acquaintance with Brahms, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Strauss and the rest followed, and the enthusiasm thus founded prepared Marion always to welcome new work. "On our many midnight talks, either on holiday together abroad and at home or at her house after a 'Phil', 'do you remember . . . ?' usually led to discussion of living composers."

Poetry was one of her deepest interests, and engineering might have been her choice of profession had she been a man. Photography, too, was something in which she showed great skill.

She was one of the principal founders of the Royal College of Music Union—an association for which past and present students of her beloved College owe her unending gratitude. She also, at one period, edited the R.C.M. Magazine.

Her work as Chairman of the Music Section of the Forum Club will not soon be forgotten by her colleagues there, nor by the audiences privileged to hear her masterly little commentaries on the concerts arranged for them.

3. MARION SCOTT AS GUARDIAN OF GENIUS

(IVOR GURNEY'S WORK).

BY

GERALD FINZI.

WHEN the full story of Ivor Gurney can ultimately be told, which will not be for many years, nothing more tragic in the history of music and verse will be found. That the time will come I have no doubt at all, for enough of Gurney's work has already been published for us to realise that it has enduring qualities and comes from an unique personality. That it has been published at all, and that the manuscripts, both music and verse, have so far survived, has been mainly due to some thirty-five years of care, wisdom, generosity and devotion which Marion Scott gave to Ivor Gurney from his student days, through his few years of tribulation, and after his death, right up to the time of her own death. This, in itself, might have been work enough for a complete life, yet, it was only a small part of the quietly unremitting work which she did throughout her life, the scope of which these tributes make clear.

Marion Scott's help and encouragement must have been given to many more young musicians than we shall ever know. Indeed, it was from a young composer, Ernest Farrar, my first teacher, who was killed in 1918, that I first heard of her. Before the war it was as a violinist that she was furthering his work and helping him with his concerts in the provinces. But it was to Ivor Gurney, more than to any other musician, that this devotion was given.

But first a few words about Gurney. The bare facts of his life may be found in Grove, but the facts of character, as seen by one who never knew him personally, must be mentioned if only to show that Marion Scott's care and sacrifice were even more remarkable than they would have been in the case of a normal person.

For there is no doubt that, according to the rules of the world, Gurney was a more than difficult person. He seems to have expected life entirely on his own terms. No-one was more unteachable or more difficult to befriend or to help, and even the best of

his friends seem to have found his irresponsibility and arrogance, his unawareness of anything outside himself, to be more than they could accept for long. He was as near as anyone could be to the fictional idea of genius. But in this there was not the least trace of self-consciousness. The truth is that his mind was enflamed from his earliest days. That excitement, "Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight" was with him at all times. Many of his early songs, such as the familiar "Spring" and "Sleep", which roused the enthusiasm of Stanford and Parry, already had that indefinable quality which marked all his characteristic work, something that took fire with the fusion of words and music. On the purely instrumental side, or with work which called for more extended cerebration, his art was of less significance. His genius was of the incandescent type, and it burned too brightly to last. A fine intelligence and even a sound intuitive judgment, were at the mercy of a burning lyrical impulse which, within its limitations was, I am convinced, one of the most remarkable which we have possessed in this country. When, during the first world war, his music had to be partially silenced, his creative energies found an outlet in an easier, though no less intense, form of expression. The results were two books of mellifluous but immature verse. When, a few years later, he was in an asylum, and his mind again turned to verse, it was this time of a more rugged and powerful kind.

Gurney's creative life lasted only a few years : his student days before the war, then the war years, which included at least one breakdown, and above all, a period of the most intense creative activity from 1918 till 1922, when he finally broke down. During that short time he poured out songs which went, literally, into their hundreds, and an enormous quantity of verse. Needless to say, only a small proportion of this was worthy of his best, but, even so, the residue ensures his permanence.

This, then, was the young composer whose worth was recognised by Marion Scott in his student days and whose artistic and personal life later became her full responsibility. What little could be done to ease his indigence was mainly due to her, for anyone less capable than Gurney of earning a living, or caring for his material wants, could not have been found.

We find her arranging for the first performances of his early work, writing round to ensure that a worthy audience should be present.

We find her submitting his songs to publishers and dealing with the proofs of such as were published. We find her submitting his poems to the Poet Laureate (Robert Bridges) for advice and arranging for the publication of his verse, both in periodicals and in book form. Indeed, her correspondence on his behalf was endless and no paper or letter or manuscript relating to him was ever destroyed.

She clearly must have realised the devastating impact which the war was bound to have on a mind such as Gurney's, and a magnificent series of letters written by him from France are a testimony to her continual correspondence with him, and her attempts to counter the horrors of war and the squalor of army life, with some measure of civilisation.

Then, with Gurney's breakdown, she was involved with army doctors and military hospitals, with specialists and with every possible attempt to restore him to health. That this was partially achieved can be seen by the output of the next few years, until that ultimate breakdown which saw him confined to a mental home for the remaining fifteen years of his life.

It was as a result of his final collapse that Marion Scott was enabled to take out Letters of Administration and make herself entirely responsible for him, constantly visiting him in the asylum and furthering the interests of his work. His manuscripts, scattered in every direction, were gathered together under her care, and even in the last year of her life she negotiated arrangements for the publication of a volume of his verse, selected by Edmund Blunden from the later unpublished manuscripts.

It might seem from such a brief and concentrated account of the endeavour of a lifetime that Marion Scott was a formidable character brushing all obstacles aside. Her energy seems hardly consistent with her slightness and fragility, but one soon learned that beneath this exterior lay an iron will equal to a great heart.

Gurney himself left the best tribute to her that can be found, in one of the two early published poems to which he gave her initials. I do not think I can do better than to quote one of these, the dedication of his second volume *War's Embers*, which was published in 1919.

TO

M. M. S.

O, if my wishes were my power,
You should be praised as were most fit,
Whose kindness cannot help but flower.

But since the fates have ordered it
Otherwise, then ere the hour
Of darkness deaden all my wit

I'll write : how all my art was poor,
My mind too thought-packed to acquit
My debt . . . And only, "Thanks once more."

4. MARION SCOTT AS MUSIC CRITIC AND LETTER WRITER

BY

KATHLEEN DALE

IN attempting to give some idea, however incomplete, of Marion Scott's special qualities as a music critic, I have drawn upon concert notices she wrote for the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Musical Times* during the years just before the last war. They represent her maturity in this avocation, for she had been writing musical criticism for a long period. From 1919 onwards for many years she was the London music critic of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The extracts I shall read are chosen with a view to showing, among other points, how Marion Scott's long practical experience as a string player, her natural predilection for the past but also her readiness to explore new musical territory, her own wide reading, her wit and her sense of fun all went to make her the constructive, well balanced, imaginative and supremely readable critic that she was.

As an example of her nostalgia for a past era, I have in this one instance taken a few lines, not from a concert notice but from an article in the Royal College of Music Magazine which makes allusion to two musical haunts of Marion's girlhood, the Crystal Palace and the old St. James's Hall.

"Both places belonged to that Victorian world which has gone. Never again will anyone make his way up the cocoa-matted aisle of the Centre Transept to hear *Messiah* or *Israel in Egypt* surge over him in Pacific rollers of sound. Never again will anyone sit on the green-rep sofa stalls of St. James's Hall to hear incomparable chamber music, and inhale the meaty fragrance from the restaurant below."

And next, her preference for eighteenth-century music: her sense of period; revealed in her notes on a concert at Hertford House:

"Somehow the Royal Philharmonic Society seemed a thread by which to find the way back for one night into the enchanted world of eighteenth-century grandees. The magnificent pomp of Hertford House, its unique treasures of art, and the truly superb

playing of the string orchestra made one understand, as never before, the exquisite culture forming part of the daily life of such great patrons as Prince Esterházy at Esterház, or Prince Lichnowsky in Vienna."

Her feeling for atmosphere, from an account of the Canterbury Festival in 1939:

"Later on the Orchestra gave a Serenade in the Cloisters. The sky was as grey as the cathedral stone, and the audience sat muffled with rugs against the wind, but the indomitable orchestra played with a precision so sharply cut in a Suite by C. P. E. Bach that it made one think of carven stone—yet beneath that firmness there was fire, not frost."

Her readiness to enter into the spirit of contemporary music. On hearing Webern's String Trio, op. 21, she wrote:

"Webern's thin sounds, skewed phrases, and silences are about as much like ordinary string music as Shakespeare's ghosts that did 'squeak and gibber' were like human beings. Even the programme note described the two short movements as 'wraiths'. But this must be said: If they are wraiths, they are so in their own right; they are not phantoms of older music. Maybe that is because they have never lived. Will they, later?—that is what matters. Is this exposition of Schönberg's theories by Webern the foreshadowing of a new era in music? Remembering that steam from a kettle and the twitching of a frog's leg are now historic as first hints of steam power and electricity, must we regard Webern's music as a portent of things to come? Time alone will show."

And of Schönberg:

"Schönberg's Suite in G, which one had imagined would be intellectual, prophetic, apocalyptic, proved to be a jejune meditation written in an interminable musical Johnsonese, through which the players scrambled with a kind of hand-to-mouth desperation."

Writing of a concert-performance of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* at Queen's Hall, and pointing out the disadvantages inherent in transplanting an opera from its natural surroundings, she wound up:

"All who listened must have been aware of a vital and cumulative force in the music behind the protesting orchestra. When so arresting a personality as Hindemith is at work with all his mental energy for three hours on end, he is bound to produce something important. One emerged from the experience inwardly stirred, if outwardly somewhat shattered; rather wearied and

ear-sore, too, for Hindemith's harmony seldom dispenses diatonic comforts, and he uses a good deal of brass."

Her willingness to make allowances for well-intentioned but inexpert performers:

"Between the two Chamber works the singer performed a group of songs by Brahms which included the two with viola *obbligato*. Her light mezzo-soprano voice and persistent vibrato were not suited to the situation. What should have been an ensemble resolved itself into three persons conscientiously doing their bit in different parts of the platform."

Her helpful advice to a budding artist:

"The technique of this young artist, who is at the beginning of her career, will be worth twice as much to her when she has more experience and more sense of period and style in music."

Her expert knowledge of the violinist's art:

"He is a violinist with a neat execution, a sweet tone, genuine musical feeling, and a style that could be made more authoritative if he did not handicap himself by bowings that run counter to the natural weight of the down stroke for rhythmic purposes."

Her intimate understanding of piano-playing, due in great part to her close friendship with Fanny Davies:

"But was the pianist wise to emphasize the bass so deeply in the Brahms C major Trio? In Schumann's music the bass must always be strongly brought out, but in Brahms the sonority is there from the nature of the writing."

Lastly, a reference to one of her chosen composers, Beethoven, here combined with a simile recalling her avowed interest in mountains and mountaineering:

"Whether the artists got at the essential Beethoven in that C minor Trio is not so sure. Beethoven was young when he wrote it, but he was a Force in his world even then. Or to put it another way, Beethoven was like the Alps—rugged, high and young—while the playing of these men, so long versed in the executant's art, was like the Malverns—mountains chiselled down into hills."

* * * * *

Marion Scott carried her musical criticism naturally into her letter-writing. When writing to a friend she would express her views on music in language just as carefully chosen and poetic as that she used when writing for the Press. One magnificent example, a closely-reasoned criticism, over five hundred words in length,

which she wrote me after hearing a broadcast performance of Shostakovitch's "Leningrad" Symphony in 1941, has just been printed in *Music and Letters* (July, 1954). A much shorter and more intimate example is the following, dating from 1940, which I quote because of the extremely human and amusing pendant.

"I listened to the broadcast of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony on Sunday and thought to myself that I had not sufficiently valued the work when I wrote my book because I didn't realize then how the very avoidance of strong emotion in the symphony would make it just the most beautifully solacing thing to listen to in a world such as the present one—the music is untouched and unclouded, outside all this strife. So much for things of the soul . . . and now for a quaint touch of comedy. Our cat, lying sound asleep on the fur rug, never flicked an ear through the Overture to *Tannhäuser*. When the first movement of the Pastoral Symphony began he sat up with a sort of beatific contentment, but during the course of the *Scene by the Brook* he seemed to sink down again into a doze. But when the second bird calls came he slowly opened his eyes, gazed, winked at me with one of them, and then shut them up again till the end! I simply had to laugh right out."

This is typical of many of her letters, in which reflections upon things eternal and ephemeral followed one another in natural sequence.

She had an amazingly fertile pen. During her three years' involuntary exile in Somerset during the earlier part of the last war she wrote me more than a hundred letters, many of them six, seven or eight pages long, in which she always found space to deal systematically and helpfully with any points I might have raised in my letters to her. She wrote detailed accounts of her doings, leisurely descriptions of her surroundings, hair-raising tales as well as funny stories of bombings, quaint sayings of the local people and invariably something on musical subjects, often with illustrations in music notation. She used to term our correspondence "talks on paper". Sometimes, if she had no compelling news to send me, she would recount her dreams, particularly musical ones, or she would take me on an imaginary journey into the musical past or to some favourite haunt of hers in the Swiss Alps. I will read you the account of a dream she related to me in a very long letter written from London in April, 1944, a dream she had the night after attending a concert of new music. She wrote as follows:

"A trio by (a composer who shall be nameless here) seemed to me frightfully *un*musical—with nothing to hold it together but the worn-out fashion of a dozen or more years ago. Afterwards I remembered he is still very young, only 19, and thought to myself he had probably been a prodigy as a child in Australia and probably plays the piano better than he composes. This reflection is the only reason I can find for a dream I had that night, which was as follows. I found myself in a large—a very large building or house —and on going upstairs to the first floor I passed through some rooms which brought me to a door which I pushed open and entered. Inside was a very big, lofty, handsome room, decorated in eighteenth-century style. It was filled with people, elegantly dressed, sitting in rows with their backs towards me, and all looking to the right-hand corner of the room where there stood a piano, and seated at it, facing the audience, a little boy playing whom I recognized instantly as little Mozart. I listened entranced. Of course I suppose really it ought to have been a harpsichord, but it was obviously an early piano by the tone, and I can't tell you how lovely Mozart's touch was. Rather like Fanny Davies's touch, right in the centre at the heart of each note, but smaller, purer, more ethereal than hers—exquisite in its clear perfection and sweetness. What he was playing I don't know—it wasn't anything I recognized. It may even have been an extemporisation, for he had no music in front of him. The little figure leant forward with such an earnest, intent look on his childish face and I thought to myself 'How the child is father to the man!' It is just the look and attitude he had in that unfinished picture of him by Lange. I believe old Leopold was standing right in the corner behind, but I didn't really attend to him, as you may imagine. You may be amused, but I am going to draw a plan of the room. Here goes . . ."—and there follows a beautifully neat sketch plan of the whole scene.

Of all the topics in her letters to me, which covered the last fourteen years of her life, the one that bulked largest was Haydn and his music. I have purposely omitted all reference to this vital subject, as it will be surveyed by the next speaker. But to form a link with the coming appraisal of Marion's work on Haydn I end with a short account she wrote me in October, 1944, of an adventure which befell her while she was engaged on a piece of Haydn research at the University Library, Cambridge:

"The other day I had the sort of adventure that would have

befallen Piglit in *Winnie the Pooh*—I got locked into the University Library! As the building covers 7½ acres I felt a very small animal indeed! It happened at lunch time. Quite without warning, the authorities issued the edict the Library was to begin shutting from 1 till 2.15 now, just as it does (I now hear) in full term. So when I reached the main hall at 1½ minutes past one I found nothing but vast emptiness and a locked door! Carefully taking my bearings so as not to get lost, I set out to find if there were any staff in the building. Ultimately I tracked down the sound of voices and found the staff room, so got let out of the back door, very glad to be free, and rather late for lunch."

5. MARION SCOTT AS THE AUTHORITY ON HAYDN

BY

ROSEMARY HUGHES

MARION SCOTT was the foremost authority on Haydn in this country, and one of the foremost in the world. That is saying much, by any standards. Even so, it does not give the full measure of her achievement—the achievement, moreover, not of a lifetime, but of the last twenty-five years of her life only. To grasp fully what that achievement was, it is necessary to have some idea of the state of scholarship and research on Haydn when she came to it.

It was chaos.

In the nineteenth century, and up to a relatively short time ago, Haydn had received very much less attention from scholars than any other composer of comparable stature. There was, until Dr. Geiringer's book appeared in 1947, no full-scale work on him in English. Pohl's massive work in German—designed to do for Haydn what Thayer had done for Beethoven and Jahn for Mozart—was left incomplete at Pohl's death, and was only completed years later (very inadequately) by another hand. The centenary of Haydn's death in 1909 had called forth its crop of essays and studies; but musicology itself was not then the exact science it has become in our day, and these were either general appraisals, or isolated studies never drawn together into a complete picture. One great scholarly undertaking had indeed been launched in that centenary year—the "Complete Edition" of his works. But the term "Complete Edition" is an ironic and pathetic misnomer. The first World War cut the enterprise short, and the so-called "Complete Edition" consists of nine volumes: the two great oratorios, the piano sonatas, the solo songs, and forty-nine only of the 104 symphonies. There were no quartets, no piano trios, no masses, no operas; and some thirty vitally important symphonies by "The Father of the Symphony" were only available in rare eighteenth-century scores and part-books and were thus inaccessible and unknown to students and ordinary music-lovers alike.

On the other hand, Haydn has always been a popular figure (albeit in a limited way) and—in his own day and afterwards—a

sound investment for publishers. Thus the situation arose that, while in certain spheres of his work were no modern editions at all, in others there was a wild profusion of editions, from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century onwards. Not only that; each publisher bringing out an edition of, say, the piano sonatas or string quartets, or a selection of them, gave his edition a fresh opus number or system of numbering. Such was the consequent confusion that Sir Donald Tovey wrote, even in the 1930's, that "in almost any edition of Haydn's works you may safely assume that the work called no. 1 or no. 2 is really the last". And of the innumerable editions of the string quartets a German scholar wrote that to sort them out was "almost impossible"—*fast unmöglich.*

"Nicht *fast*, sondern *ganz*"—"not *almost*, but *quite*"—was Marion Scott's dry rejoinder, prefixed to that article on the string quartets which she contributed to *Music and Letters* in 1930: an article, still indispensable to the student of Haydn, in which she achieved precisely that impossible thing—and so, at fifty, entered on her great late vocation to musical scholarship.

It was indeed a true vocation, for she possessed the two attributes which go to the making of a great scholar—heroic thoroughness, and creative imagination. Reviewing the Musica Britannica edition of John Dunstable's works in *Music and Letters* (July, 1954), Denis Stevens speaks of the editor's "sheer courage in the face of confusion . . . the kind of courage that musicologists need, but seldom possess". Marion Scott possessed it in full measure. She never stinted the laborious months of checking and rechecking edition after edition, either all wildly different or all apparently duplicates—until, among a procession of early quartet editions all as like as two peas, she came upon the "odd man out" —the edition containing the original "Op. 1 no. 1". Thus she increased the canonical number of Haydn's string quartets from 83 to 84, and restored the "lost heir" to that great family.

But it was by virtue of her creative imagination that she not only discovered, but saw the significance of her discoveries. She never became so lost in the forest of facts that she could no longer see the wood for the trees—and that forest, as we know, was a pathless jungle. When, after another long, laborious spell of checking and re-checking early editions of the quartets, she found that the Op. 2 set had been also published in Paris as *Sinfonies ou Quatuors Dialogués*, with the addition of a pair of horns, she did not merely register this discovery as an interesting but unrelated

fact. She saw what it implied: that the string quartet and the symphony, in their early stages, were almost indistinguishable, and that when, a few years later, Haydn began composing string quartets with the kind of part-writing that would be unthinkable to play on an orchestra, he was taking a step of unique importance. As she so truly summed it up, "Haydn did not *invent* the string quartet, he *made* it—an infinitely higher achievement".

It is our lasting and most tragic loss that she did not live to complete her book on Haydn, in which scholarly courage and creative imagination would have worked together to produce a luminous whole. But they worked hand in hand in everything she wrote. All the articles and programme notes with which she illuminated single aspects of Haydn's work rest upon that massive bedrock of scholarship. That her position in the world of scholarship was won purely on the strength of articles and papers is in itself a remarkable fact and a tribute to the quality of her mind and of everything she wrote.

But, although her book remains unfinished, she did achieve one *magnum opus*—the complete catalogue of Haydn's works which will appear in the 1954 edition of *Grove's Dictionary*. This, although seemingly a piece of pure detailed scholarship, could not have been made without the larger and more comprehensive vision behind it.

And, in the last resort, it was this larger vision which enabled her to see Haydn as he really is. She—with Sir Donald Tovey—was among the first to offset the limited view of him as a mere purveyor of jollity, practical jokes and standard forms, and to grasp the full power, originality and range of his musical personality. In the quartet that is to be played tonight—that in C major, Op. 54 no. 2—these qualities are shown in full measure: there could be no more fitting tribute to her memory.

A SONG OF SILENCE

BY

MARION M. SCOTT.

Leave now the sound of mortal melodies
And let the songs of silence fill thine ear,
Serene and flowing, most supremely dear,
The rhythmic rest of the eternities
Made clear.

Silence outspacing both the earth and skies,
The music of the moving Universe ;
The sequences of stars, who still rehearse
Their morning joy in mighty symphonies,
Diverse,

Or wrought into such dulcet harmonies
That every star-song seems a perfect thing
Whether in loneliness, or linked into the ring
That typifies the immortalities
And Spring.

Within that wondrous sphere all ill things cease,
And the far echo of our mortal time
Comes like a call to prayer, pure as the chime
Of distant mountain bells, that asking peace
Find peace
In silence.

SATURDAY EVENING, 26th JUNE

CONCERT OF MEMBERS' WORKS

IN MEMORY OF MARION SCOTT'S WORK FOR WOMEN COMPOSERS.

PROGRAMME

DUO FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO — ELIZABETH MACONCHY
(Written for Anne Macnaghten and Arnold Ashby.)

IRENE RICHARDS WITH LILLY PHILLIPS.

SONGS FOR VOICE, FLUTE AND PIANO

a. Elegiac . . . . . ANN HAMERTON
b. The Cherry Tree . . TERESA DEL RIEGO

MARGARET BISSETT WITH PATRICIA LYNDEN AND ANN HAMERTON.

PIANOFORTE SOLOS

a. Starry Silence . . KATHLEEN RICHARDS
b. Arabesque . . . . LOIS PHILLIPS
c. Prelude and Toccata . . MADELEINE DRING
d. Study . . . . ELEANOR RUDALL
e. The Lonely Piper. Reel . . PEGGY HUBICKI

IVEY DICKSON.

*SONATA FOR CLARINET AND CELLO
1, 2, 3, 4, Finale—quasi Variazione . PHYLLIS TATE

STEPHEN WATERS WITH WILLIAM PLEATH.

*Owing to unforeseen travelling difficulties the performance of this work had to be cancelled at the last minute.

SONGS

a.	*A Green Cornfield* . .	MABEL SAUMAREZ SMITH
b.	*To Sleep*	MARION SCOTT
c.	*The Cherry Tree doth Bloom* . .	ALMA GOATLEY
d.	*Nightingales*	BRIDGET FRY
e.	*Among these Hills* . . .	DAPHNE ORAM
f.	*Bonny at Morn* . . .	ELIZABETH POSTON

MARGARET BISSETT WITH HARRY STUBBS

PIANOFORTE QUINTET — KATHARINE EGGAR

1. Allegro risoluto. 2. Presto. 3. Adagio. 4. Allegro.

ESTHER FISHER, Piano.

ROWENA FRANKLIN, 1st Violin. ANATOLE MINES, Viola.

MARY NOVERRE, 2nd Violin. HELEN JUST, Violoncello.

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